ADVICE

TO THE

PAINTER'S ADVISER.

In defence of the King. 1679.

WE *Dogs* and *Lions* by their *Voices* know,
For by their *Notes* themselves all Creatures show;
Yet here's a *Thing* I know not what to call,
He *roars* and *barks*; what's *Good* he curses all.
No *Monster* that e're yet from *Africk* came,
But what would start at thy prodigious *Fame*;
Yet we thy *Name* nor *Pedigree* can tell,
Thou dar'st Blaspheme beyond the Mouths of Hell.
What shall I call thee, *Monster*, or *base Fiend*,
That canst daub *Paper* to so base an end?
Unmouth that *Tongue*, maugre its double *Pale*,
(Fit *Instrument* to tell the *Devils Tale*)
Which dar'd blaspheme that *Sacred Majesty*,
The voice of *Angels* joy'd to Deifie.
Foul Traitor, to bespatter such a King
With th'Aspish Poison of thy slandering,
Whose ev'ry Action (if the Truth we scan)
Speaks as much *God*, as his Foes find him *Man*?
A *Prince* so tender of his *Subjects* Good,
As would redeem the meanest with his *Blood*:

Heavens Joy, Earths Pride; when After-age shall tell
His Worth and Parts, 'twill want a Parallel.
Let *Greece* and *Rome* their *Heroes Punies* call,
Our *Charles the Great* I'm sure outdoes 'em all.
Curst *Caitiff*, thy *sharp Arrow*, *bitter word*,
Gaul'd more than *Europ*'s many-edged *Sword*.
Ye *Heavens* look to't, he that attempts so high
As *Vice-God Charles*, threats *Gigantomachy*.
So he that stabb'd fam'd *Millain*'s Duke of yore,
By Practice at his *Picture* did no more.
But (Oh! the *Devil*) see the Serpent flies
To his first course, he doubles his *Advice*
To a poor *Painter*, to draw this and that,
And *draws himself* into the Lord knows what.
Even so those *Brats of sin* we blush to own,
We bring to *others doors*, and lay them down.
But (*pox upon his Picture*) to be short,
The wary *White* could have no *colour* for't;
Else *Hell* had paid the Wages of th'abuse,
His *Quidlibit audendi*'s no excuse.
Kings failings (if th'are any) ought not lie
An open *Prospect* for the *Vulgar Eye*.
He that drew *Alexander*'s scarry Face,
Discreetly put his *Finger* on the place:
But where's the *Artist* that can frame a Line,
To *Shadow* or *Eclipse* the *Glorious Shine*
Of CHARLES's *Ray*? what *Eagle-eye* can gaze
On so much *Sun*, or fully such a *Blaze*.
Illustrious i'th' *Abstract*, whose each *Glance*
Would strike *Presumption* out of Countenance;
Much less can any draw his *Treasur'd Mind*,
To every Noble Virtuous *Mood* inclin'd;

To

Unblemish'd as the *Saints*, the *Sun* less clear
In that first *Shine* which *Summer'd* all the *Year*:
Our *Painters* well knew this, who e'er read o'er
A *Face* more puzling *Art*, a *Mind* much more.
Then, *Devil do thy worst*, with thy *Advice*,
CHARLES and his Court are 'bove thy *Calumnies*.
Powers and *Dignities* approach the Skies,
Like Ships the more the VVaves do under rise.
But 'tis not each *Gods Fate* alone, else why
Do *Miscreants* slight the *Angels* Ministry?
Ours is but little lower, one remove,
Vicegerent to the *King of Kings* above.
The best are still the most malign'd with wrong,
Vertue's no fence against a *spiteful Tongue*;
He spares no *State*, or *Sex*, each Princely one
Is th'Object of his *prophanation*.
Tho pure as new fall'n *Snow*, free from offence,
As blameless Truth, and white as *Innocence*.
His breath blasts those, whose breath perfuming *Air*,
Makes all (save that) as sweet as they are fair,
Unbitter'd Bitterness it self of all.
Earth's Heavenly few, the most *Angelicall*,
But *Vice* be damn'd, thou art like one of those,
Who giddi'd in a Ship at Sea, suppose
The *Continent* doth move as well as they.
All tread awry to those whose *Feet* are splay.
If (though our *thoughts* are free) we must not think
Ill of the King; he that shall black his Ink,
And pale his Paper with words, startles more,
Than, *Lord, have mercy*, chalk'd upon the door.
To traduce *Princes* in the shapes of sin,
Wise *Painters* choose to draw the *Devil* in;

The

The *marks o'th' Beasts*, who casts an eye
On those (as on a *Basilisk*) must die.
The *Mecha Pilgrims* at their Prophets Tomb,
Need nothing else to make them blind or dumb.
Here now my Muse would sit as Judge at last,
And Sentence pass on every Sentence past;
But he's not worth the while, Avant, be gone;
Yet first attend thy *Benediction:*
Thou that dar'st own, and dost desire no Name,
But what is Registred to endless shame,
Live long in all the Plagues *this World affords;*
And if thou wilt repent and eat thy words
To choak thee; or, to give the Devil's due,
The Hangman *draw thee, and thy* Painter *too.*

FINIS.